Clatsop County Historical Society Quarterly

CUMTUX

Vol. 38, No. 1 — Winter 2018

Image Courtesy of the Author.

Adeliza Olson at the family-run Columbia View service station located at what today is ¼ mile east of 45th Street Leif Erikson Drive. ca. 1930

In This Issue …

Several of the earliest pioneers who had donation land claims in the Astoria area have given their names to the different divisions of Astoria, to streets and to former Astoria schools: The names of John Shively, John McClure, John Adair, Samuel C. Smith and George Washington Cook have all been recognized in some way. The name of Robert Shortess, however, has not. In this issue, Susan Swanby tells the story of Alderbrook and its founder.

William Larson and my grandfather were both born into families described in the Swedish church records as "ut-fattig," translated as "extremely impoverished." We are grateful to Paul F. (Fletch) Johnson for sharing the story of his grandfather's years as a sailor boy followed by his rise to Clatsop County Commissioner.

Debra Baldwin of the *Lighthouse Journal* sent us this personal story of Carl Leicht, the architect of the Flavel House.

—The Editor

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Clatsop County Historical Society
Quarterly
Vol. 38, No.1 — Winter 2018
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(ISSN 1083-9216)

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Front Cover: CCHS Acc# 1420.001
This family heirloom was donated by Abel Olson, great grandson of Ann Shortess. She was a native American (likely Chinook) named in an original donation land claim in east Astoria. Standing about 26" high, this totem pole with new paint, is not necessarily reflective of her tribe of origin. The symbols are from bottom to top, an owl, person, bear, and a small eagle who's head is missing.

CUMTUX: Chinook jargon:
"To know… to inform"

Robert Shortess–Pioneer

by Susan Swanby

An intriguing man once lived on a remote section of Columbia River shoreline that is now the Alderbrook area of Astoria, Oregon. This man, Robert Shortess, was the first American to work a land claim there, and was among the first American settlers in Oregon.

Shortess was born in Cumberland, Pennsylvania, on May of 1797, when George Washington was President. William H. Day, who later worked alongside Shortess drafting Oregon's Organic Laws, described him as having a "combination of qualities… of the best and noblest of men; with a good memory, extensive reading, inflexible purpose, strong hate, affectionate and kind, skeptical and religious, honest and liberal to a fault, above medium height, light-brown hair, blue eyes, and thin and spare features. His whole life a mystery, his combinations a riddle."

Robert Shortess emigrated to the Oregon Country at a critical time in the formation of the state of Oregon, took an active role in its creation, and finally settled in the Astoria, Oregon area in its early years. An educated and audacious character, among his many "hats" in these pioneer times were leader in the American frontier and Oregon government, sub-Indian agent, county judge, school superintendent, cattle trader, and farmer.

The Peoria Party

With a desire to head west along the newly forming Oregon Trail, Shortess joined the first American group intent on settlement in Oregon, and mid-route was elected to lead the Peoria Party. Using the nickname Oregon Dragoons, the Peoria Party sported a flag which read "Oregon or the Grave." Shortess joined them as they passed through Independence, Missouri, in late May of 1839. He had been running the mill of Jesse Applegate[1] in nearby Osage Bottoms, and the two also did some survey work.

Americans had traveled to the Oregon Country to take advantage of its resources or to minister to Native Indians, but few had permanently settled there.

The Peoria Party was the first organized American effort with this goal. Their desire was to emigrate to the Oregon Territory, drive out the Hudson's Bay Company and claim the region for the United States. The group originated in Peoria, Illinois, following an inspirational speech by Methodist missionary Rev. Jason Lee, who extolled the vast land and its riches.

The Peoria Party's journey of about two thousand miles went through hostile Indian territory, and posed food shortages and other significant challenges, including a self-inflicted gunshot wound.

Several men turned back early on, so of the original group of nineteen, only nine men completed the route to Oregon. There were disputes among party members and with their leader, Farnham, and early in the journey Shortess was elected to lead. Later, Farnham and several others split off, taking a southern route to Oregon.

With the exception of Shortess, the remaining men waited out the chilly winter at a place called Brown's Hole. Shortess was joined by various other men, and they crossed into the Oregon Country on November 26, 1839, where Shortess spent the winter working at the Whitman Mission (present-day Walla Walla, WA).

French Prairie

Spring arrived, and on March 12, 1840, Shortess headed west along the Columbia River, meeting an Indian Chief along the way. Together they arrived at the Wascopam Mission (at present-day The Dalles, Oregon). There Shortess met two cattlemen, Wright and Dutton, who were buying cattle from Indians to drive to the Willamette Mission.

The three continued along the Columbia River and "got into a fracas with Indians over horses across from Claticut, continued downstream on the south side, crossed at The Cascades, proceeded to Vancouver and ferried to Sauvie Island with Cassino (the well-known chief of the Vancouver-area Chinookans)[2]." From there they traveled south to the Pudding River, and arrived at the ranch of Thomas Hubbard and Calvin Tibbets. Tibbets would later have a tie to Shortess that neither could imagine at the time.

His next stop was the Willamette Mission (ten miles north of present-day Salem, Oregon), established by Jason Lee in 1834. Shortess remained in this French Prairie area for a time, where he turned from a self-declared "state of gloomy infidelity" to join the Methodist faith and help build a Methodist church at Willamette Falls.

In 1842, to encourage American settlement of the Oregon Country, Elijah White, sub-Indian agent for the United States, was asked to prepare a census to show that farming was viable. He reported that Shortess was a single man, had forty acres of improved land (location unidentified), that he produced 650 bushels of wheat and 100 bushels of grain, and had eleven horses, twenty-seven head of cattle, and three hogs.

The Shortess Petition

In 1843, Robert Shortess was one of roughly two hundred Americans in the expansive Oregon Country, where the lack of organized government was

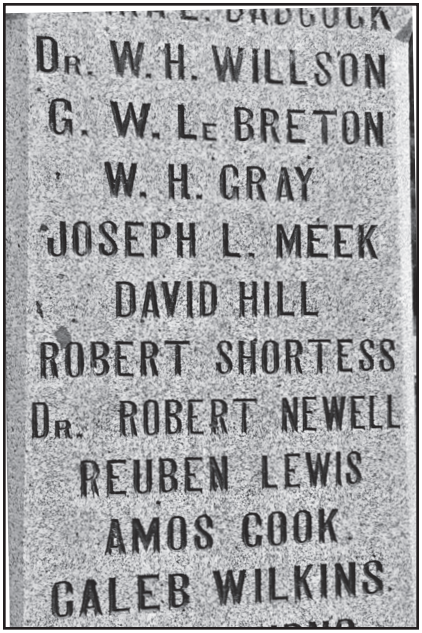


Image Courtesy of the Author.

Monument to the Provisional Government vote, at Champoeg State Park

an issue. When a man named Waller died without a will, causing confusion about his estate, Shortess stepped in to help appraise the estate. When predatory animals were attacking livestock leading to Wolf Meetings, Shortess was on two committees regarding protection measures.

At the time, an agreement between the United States and Great Britain provided that this region was jointly owned. The Willamette Valley area was dominated by the Hudson's Bay Company, or Shortess' "salmon skin aristocracy", as settlers mainly relied on them for their food and supplies. Many settlers claimed Hudson's Bay Company used unfair trade practices including repression of their ability to increase their cattle herd size and to process grain.

John McLoughlin, Chief Factor of the Fort Vancouver Hudson's Bay Company, had assisted many new arrivals to Oregon, but was monopolizing a prime grain mill location and claiming choice land around Willamette Falls with George Abernethy. Shortess compiled a petition of grievances that was signed by sixty-five settlers. The petition was sent to Congress on March 25, 1843, but was unacted upon. It became known as the Shortess Petition.

The Champoeg Vote

Two months later, Shortess, many other Americans, and some French-Canadian settlers (initially fur trappers for the Hudson's Bay Company) won a fifty-two to fifty vote to form the Oregon Provisional Government. Those opposed were mostly French Canadians. From that decision, Robert Shortess was one of nine men elected to create the new Organic Laws. A quote from S. A. Clarke's book, *Pioneer Days of Oregon History*: "Robert Shortess probably had more influence on the legislation of 1843 and for moulding the destinies of the infant colony than any other man."

As an educated and influential leader, Shortess had the laws framed around laws from his Ohio roots. One result was that slavery was not allowed, yet opposing laws on that

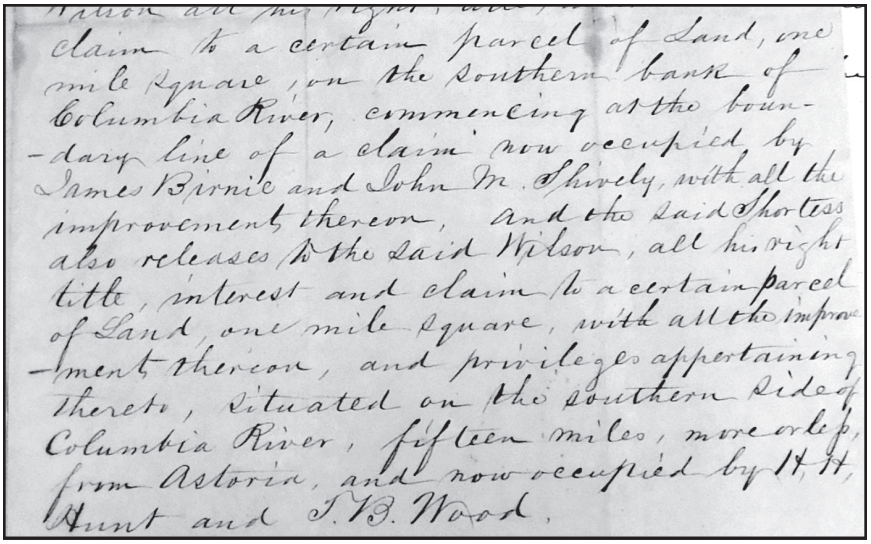
matter soon followed. Also later repealed, was Article 4 that in effect removed McLoughlin's rights to his mill at Willamette Falls.

The English-owned Hudson Bay Company still occupied forts in the region when Americans adopted the Organic Laws of Oregon on July 5, 1843, thereby creating a Provisional Government in Oregon. Later that year, the Great Migration of 1843 increased its American population by nearly one thousand. Joint British-American occupancy did not end until 1846. Oregon officially became a U.S. State in 1859.

Early Astoria

In 1844, Shortess arrived in the Fort George area to find it sparsely populated. Most of the Hudson's Bay Company operations had moved upstream to Fort Vancouver where the climate was better for growing crops, so the Fort George site was used only seasonally for salmon fishing. Two years later, a count of inhabitants around Fort George, including some native Indians, was only thirty persons.

Shortess had met A. E. Wilson at Willamette Mission where he was its store clerk, and had copied the Shortess Petition for its co-authors, Abernethy and Shortess, then becoming its second signer. A November 1844 deed shows that Shortess traded two square-mile parcels, one adjacent to a claim occupied by James Birnie and John Shively, and another fifteen miles upriver from Astoria, occupied by H. H. Hunt and J. B. Wood, for the


claim to a certain parcel of Land, one mile Square, on the Southern bank of Columbia River, commencing at the boundary line of a claim now occupied by James Birnie and John M. Shively, with all the improvement thereon, and the said Shortess also releases to the said Wilson, all his right title, interest and claim to a certain parcel of Land, one mile Square, with all the improvement thereon, and privileges appertaining thereto, situated on the Southern Side of Columbia River, fifteen miles, more or less, from Astoria, and now occupied by H. H. Hunt and J. B. Wood.

Oregon Historical Society's Shortess Papers col.

Shortess' deed for a land exchange with A. E. Wilson, Nov. 25, 1844

CCHS ACC #15.001.045

The Shortess claim is highlighted in this 1880s era map of Astoria

640 acres where he would live and farm for many years to come.

Under the Oregon Donation Land Act, a man and wife could claim up to 640 acres, satisfied once they had lived and worked the land for four years.

Chinook Indian Bride

In the Oregon Territory, marriage by trappers and settlers to Indian women was common for several reasons: the scarcity of white women in the population, the need for diplomacy and communication with the Indians, and to improve survival skills. Commonly, marriage records had not been well documented and the arrangement was sometimes loose. A couple might have an informal country marriage, then later part simply because they didn't like each other, or when one left the area for some reason. An Indian woman often left one husband for another, sometimes arranged by the first husband to ensure she and any offspring were cared for. That trend was changing and, more often, men remained with their Indian wives as a traditional couple, formalized by recording the union by a priest. As settlements began to grow, racial prejudice about intermarriage was felt more strongly in local society.

Robert Shortess married a Chinook Indian (likely from a Chehalis tribe) named Ann, on July 5, 1845. Her exact identity is a bit of a riddle,[3] though

clues lead to the assumption that she was a daughter of a Chinook Chief sometimes suggested to be Chief Concomly[4]. The next month, Shortess began a two-year term as County Judge. The couple settled on their land claim on September 1, 1845. Ann gave birth to their daughter, Susan, about 1847.

There were still few families in the area in 1848. Between former Fort George clerk and river pilot Birnie and his family at Cathlamet, there was Spear [Stephen Spear] at Hunt's Mill, Shortess at Tongue Point, and the thirty or so at Fort George[5]. Robert, Ann, Susan and another farmer are listed on the 1850 Federal Census as being in the same household. On the 1851 Chinook Indian Census, at the Shortess' home were six Indians and two Indian slaves.[6]

Ann Shortess died on May 6, 1853, at the age of about forty-seven. Her daughter, Susan, was only about seven years old. Ann's gravesite was thought to have been found on Shortess' Donation Land Claim, during road work in 1903, when a grave was unearthed on the hillside at about 46th and Cedar Street. Portland's *Morning Oregonian* stated that she had committed suicide. Within ten days, two other articles suggested it may have been the grave of Chief Concomly, who died around 1830. Multiple locations, and even the theft of Concomly's remains, have been reported.

Legal Dependents

Robert Shortess cared for several other children including Antoine Lee, from 1849 (age eleven, ward of John Adair), who was to help work the farm until the age of twenty-one. However, census reports show no sign of that. Also, Calvin Tibbets (who Shortess had met on first arriving in the Willamette Valley) died of Cholera in transit from California Gold Rush activities. Shortess became guardian of Tibbets' half-Clatsop Indian children, John and Grace (ages of about five and six) in 1850. Further details on John have not been found. Documents show that Shortess arranged early

GRAVE OF PIONEER'S WIFE.

Solution of Mystery Uncovered by Astoria Street Graders.

ASTORIA, Or., July 13.— (Special.)— It is now thought that the grave which was uncovered by street graders in Alderbook on Saturday was that of Mrs. Robert Shortess, the wife of one of Clatsop County's earliest white settlers. She was an Indian woman, who committed suicide and was buried on her husband's donation land claim in that locality about 50 years agao. While several of the coins found in the grave were of older dates, one of them was coined in 1850, showing that the body must have been buried after that time.

Morning Oregonian, July 14, 1903

housing and education for Grace. She married Richard Sortor, had ten children, and was buried in Kalama, Washington.

Indian Agent

Robert Shortess was recommended for the position of Indian sub-agent by U.S. Indian agent Anson Dart in a letter dated October 22, 1850. The superintendent's letter soon followed with comment that Shortess' diplomatic skills with the Indians made his position as sub-agent "more important than any agent in the territory."

Empathetic toward Indians under his charge, on April 21, 1850, he wrote a letter to Governor Lane of the Oregon Territory, who was directing Indian relations with settlers, expressing disapproval of the U.S. plan to send local Indians to a reservation in eastern Oregon. He feared this foreign environment would challenge their survival. Disgusted with the government's lack of fairness toward Indian land rights, he wrote of resigning in a May 17, 1851 letter to Agent Dart. Sources say that Anson fired Shortess due to his empathy toward Indians regarding land rights. [7]

Yet, during August 5-9, 1851, Shortess was paid to interpret and witness the Tansy Point Treaties with ten local Indian bands including those later known as the Lower Chinook, Wahkiakum, Willapa, Cathlamet, and Clatsop. One important agent duty was to discourage the trade of alcohol for Indian goods, a mindset Shortess used in recommending Tansy Point as a good location, away from "whiskey peddlers of Astoria," [8] for the treaty meeting place. These treaties were never ratified because they included text recommending that Indians remain locally and not be moved to a distant reservation, as the government would have preferred. Rights of these tribes are still being litigated.

Early Astoria

In the late 1850's roads were being constructed including the Salem-Astoria Military Road that crossed the south end of the Shortess Donation Land Claim. A road survey was done in 1852, from Smith Point to Marlin's mill at Tongue Point. Shortess took part in that survey; however, it wasn't until 1878 that a road opened between Uppertown and Astoria.

Chinook Language

Ethnographer George Gibbs, also a participant in treaty negotiations, had concluded in a letter to the government that Shortess had the trust of local Indians. He wrote that they were known to have frequented his home where those in need were offered shelter and aid.

In 1853, Shortess utilized his familiarity of local Native Indian language and, assisted by his wife, wrote one of the first known vocabulary lists of Oregon Indian tribal language. These 179 Lower Chinook and Chinook

Wawa (a regional trading language) words were later published in a book by Gibbs. The vocabulary list by Robert and Mrs. Robert Shortess, "a Chinook woman," is housed at the Smithsonian (Collection ID – NAA.MS2254).

Shortess Donation Land Claim Mortgage

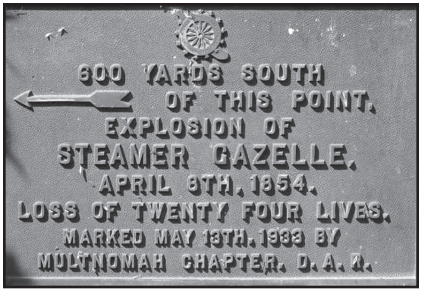
Shortess had farmed, sold produce, and traded cattle on the Columbia River shoreline for about seventeen years before he experienced extreme financial trouble. On April 8, 1854, he was "slightly wounded" at the deadly Steamer *Gazelle* explosion at Canemah, located south of Willamette Falls at Oregon City. With two parcels (2.1 acres) sold in prior years to Henry S. Aiken and Hiram Brown, Shortess mortgaged his remaining land to Jacob S. Robinson on May 11, 1854. It is suggested that the expense of fighting for the Tibbets' children's land, from 1853 through 1855, contributed to this dire action.

Later Years

In the next years, Shortess had a variety of jobs, along with farming, beginning in June 1854 with mail delivery via steamer.

The Provisional Government of Astoria began in 1856. The Oregon Constitution was adopted in 1857.

Shortess was educated and had been a tutor or teacher back east. He became the first school clerk of District #4 in 1858.[9] (Meanwhile,



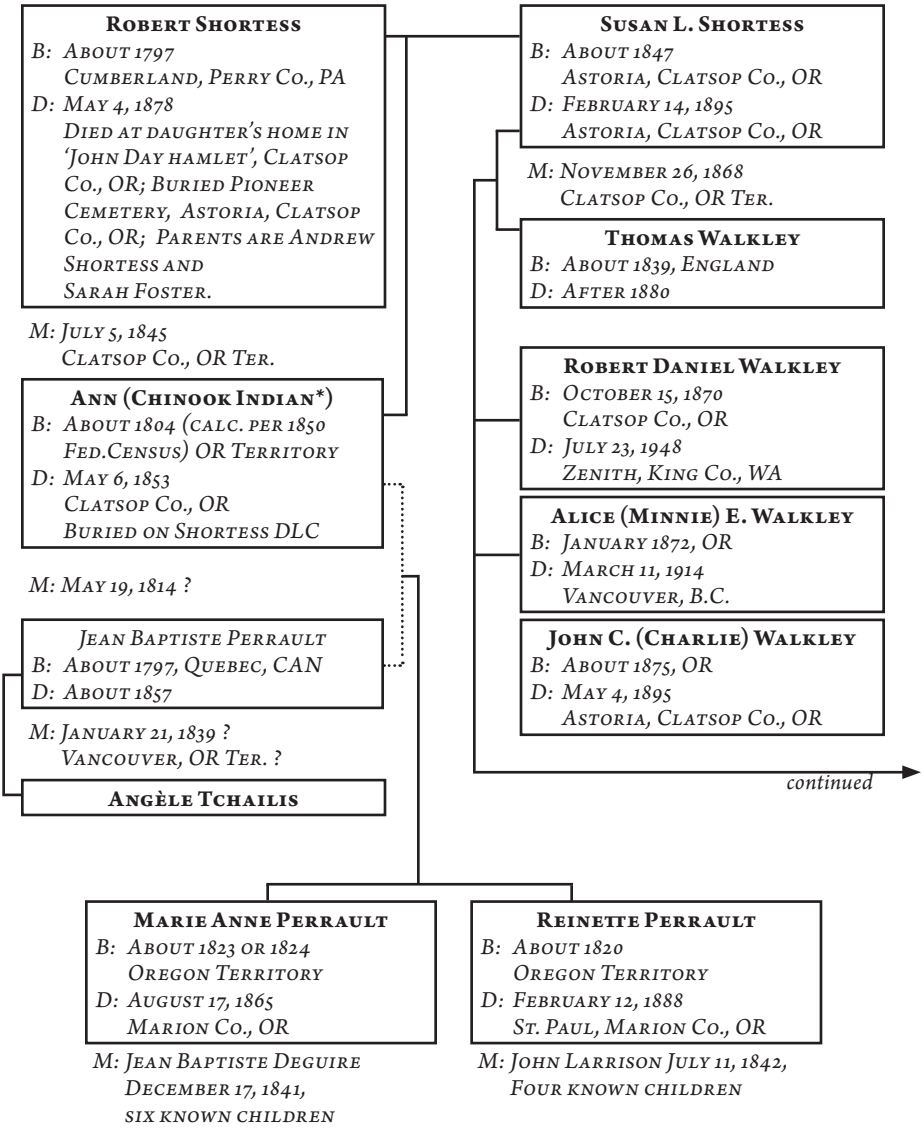
Memorial plaque marking the loss of the Gazelle.

Oregon became a state in 1859.) He also held a grocery store license in 1860. He became District #4 School Superintendent, and held that position at least thirteen years, between 1860-1873. The first schoolhouse in the Alderbrook area was at the waterfront on the parcel that was earlier sold to Aiken, about seven hundred feet west of the Shortess' home. The chain of ownership of this schoolhouse parcel is undetermined, but until 1885 it was owned by his daughter, Susan. She presumably held the land for the school, as she and her husband also owned and lived on a parcel near the John Day River. Neighborhood children played in the abandoned schoolhouse which stood for years after a public school was opened in 1890 on Date St. (later Leif Erikson Drive). It appears the schoolhouse lot was lost in a lawsuit to E. M. Grimes in 1885.

Donation Land Claim Changes Hands

In 1860, Shortess wrote to his brother back east, requesting help after a hand injury. His brother was unable to

Robert and Ann Shortess Family Tree



Note: Some sources say J. B. Perrault's first wife died then he married her sister, however Ann was alive at the time of marriage #2 so this link is unclear.
**Catholic Church records state Chinook, others vary.*

continued

Adeliza Walkley
B: June 15, 1877
Astoria, Clatsop Co., OR
D: September 14, 1940
Astoria, Clatsop Co., OR

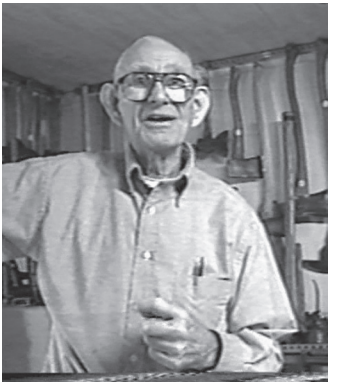
M: December 14, 1916
New Westminster, B.C., CAN

Eric Abel Olson
B: December 9, 1882
Unbyn, Överluleå,
Norrbottens Län, Sweden
D: March 11, 1967
Astoria, Clatsop Co., OR

Ellen Walkley
B: About 1879
Clatsop Co., OR
D: November 10, 1926
Seattle, King Co., WA

Mabel E. (?) Walkley
B: May 1881, OR
D: About 1901

Uno Walkley Olson
B: About 1919
Astoria, Clatsop Co., OR
D: July 26, 1949
Astoria, Clatsop Co., OR



Abel Shortess Olson
B: January 31, 1922
Astoria, Clatsop Co., OR
D: January 28, 2001
Zenith, King Co., WA

Wife and Children living
no details

Note: Details on this family tree are from available records, but are not confirmed.

assist.[10] In the spring of 1861, heavy flooding was noted in the Willamette Valley leading to local economic recession. Perhaps Shortess' crops were hit by these rains, too.

The following year, Robert Shortess' portion of the Donation Land Claim ended in a lawsuit where the mortgagee, Robinson, was sued by Henry Aiken, landing the property in jeopardy. In the lawsuit, Attorney James Kerr Kelly represented Aiken. Attorney Kelly purchased the repossessed Shortess land claim at the resulting Sheriff's Sale on April 28, 1862. For some reason, shortly after, Kelly granted Shortess the right to remain in his pioneer home until his death. In 1870, Shortess (age 73) leased his orchard fruit production rights to Hobson & Warren yet retained use of the house and a "personal fruit allowance."

A plaque on Astoria's oldest house dates it at 1852, the year Hiram Brown purchased a parcel from Shortess next to Henry Aiken. Brown's diaries detail the move from Uppertown to its current location at 1337 Franklin Avenue in 1862. Interestingly, a home labeled "Hiram Brown" is on that parcel on the Sep. 27, 1853 field survey for the Shortess Land Claim, then is absent from the 1856 GLO and 1868 USGS maps of the area. That moved home could well be from his parcel along the Columbia shore of the Shortess Donation Land Claim.

A Long Life

In a 1877 interview in the Daily Astorian, it was noted that Robert Shortess had lived under nineteen presidents, including Washington. During his last few years he lived with his daughter, Susan, and son-in-law, Thomas Walkley, on their John Day property. Robert Shortess died May 4, 1878, and was buried in Astoria's Hillside Pioneer Cemetery.

Four years later, the Shortess Donation Land Claim was platted as the Alderbrook Subdivision (Mar. 1882). It became a hub of fishing and lumber mill activity twenty years hence, finally settling into the quaint neighborhood it is today.

Extended Family

The Shortess' only daughter, Susan, married farmer Thomas Walkley in 1868. They had six children.

Susan died of typhoid fever on February 14, 1895, at forty-eight years of age, while three of their children were still teenagers. The status of Thomas is unclear from that point. The newspaper notice of Susan's death included comment of difficulty in the marriage, and the challenging economic loss of the Shortess Donation Land Claim.

Three months later, son Charlie, at twenty years, died of the same malady as Susan. Though discharged by the court, his history had the stain of attempting to "shoot to kill" at the

age of fourteen. Further details are unknown.

After five years, two daughters, one divorced, lived together in Portland, two others led adult lives in the Seattle area, and only one child, Adeliza, remained in Astoria.

In 1928, at Adeliza's enthusiastic urging, she and husband, Eric Abel Olson, an engineer, started the very busy, family run "Columbia View" service station at 2413 Lief Erikson Drive. It was in operation until 1946. *(see inside front page)*

The Olson children both remained Astoria residents. At thirty years, son Uno died while trying to navigate a steep Astoria road in 1949. Son Abel Shortess Olson, worked for Coca-Cola Co. He died in 2001, at seventy-eight years, after amassing a remarkable collection of antique hand tools.

Adeliza Olson provided documents to author Caroline Dobbs for her book, *Men of Champoeg: A Record of the Lives of the Pioneers Who Founded the Oregon Government*. These original handwritten documents are now housed at the Oregon Historical Society in Portland, providing insight into the life of this pioneer who was instrumental in early Oregon government.

End Notes:

1. After settling in the Oregon Country, Shortess wrote letters encouraging Jesse Applegate to emigrate, and to bring as many stock cattle as possible. Shortess' detailed letters were shared around Osage as, "the talk of the neighborhood and read by all", inspiring many to head west to Shortess' "Land of the Occident". Jesse led the Cow Column of the Great Migration of 1853. He became an important member of Oregon government, and helped establish the Applegate Trail, a southern route to the Willamette Valley away from the dangerous Columbia River.

2. Robert Boyd, *People of the Dalles: The Indians of the Wascopam Mission* (University of Nebraska Press, 1996), 327-8

3. Sources state Jean Baptiste Perrault's Indian wife died and he married her sister, from the same tribe, listed as Tchailis in Catholic Church records, legitimizing Reinette, aged 19 years; Marie Anne, aged 14 years. The Sept. 1, 1853 Shortess Oregon Land Donation Claim (OLDC) names Reinette, Marie Ann and Susan as heirs to Ann's half of the claim. Portions of Ann's claim were later involved in land sales by descendants of these children.

4. "Late great chief" is per George Gibbs who had multiple interactions with Shortess, including the Tansy Point Treaties, 1851 Chinook Indian Census and documenting Chinook vocabulary.

5. Hubert Howe Bancroft, *The Works of Hubert Howe Bancroft: History of Oregon Vol. II, 1848-1888* (San Francisco: History Co, 1888)

6. David G. Lewis, PhD, Ethnohistory Research, LLC "Early Counts of Western Oregon Tribal Peoples," NDNHistory Research: Indigenous, Public & Critical Essays Blog, 1851 Chinook Indian Census reported by Robert Shortess, posted September 24, 2017, 1851 Chinook Census, https://ndnhistoryresearch.files.wordpress.com/2017/09/1851-1-chinook-census.png.

7. By Oct. 17, 1853, Shortess had been replaced by sub-agent William Raymond. Shortess' actions as sub-agent likely ended with the Tansy Treaty signings. Raymond was sub-agent 1851-57.

8. Robert H. Ruby and John A. Brown, *Chinook Indians: Traders of the Lower Columbia River* (University of Oklahoma Press 1976)

9. School Dist. #4 in 1958 may have been Alderbrook and/or west into Uppertown Astoria, as Adair and others were on the school board.

10. His brother, Jonathan Shortess, inquired via letter of Jan. 5, 1862 about the status of his hand injury a year prior.

Jetty at the Bar

A pleasant half hour's ride on the swift sure steamer *Gen. Canby* brings one to the Ft. Stevens wharf, around which the sand is forming so fast as to soon necessitate another extension. Piled on the side of the railroad track on which runs the locomotive "Tillamook," are huge bundles of brush, spruce and hemlock poles tied in twenty-foot lengths and bound securely with withes, the tops and branches being trimmed in the woods and hauled to the wharf by ox teams. This rail track winds along the beach in a southwesterly direction and then turns to the west, a double track being laid a distance of 2,910 feet, past the machine shops, the office and supply depot, the track rising on a grade of one foot in five hundred. At high water mark the building of the jetty proper begins. Four rows of piles are driven every ten feet, a space of five feet being left from the outside to the second row, and a space of eight feet in the middle, making the piling eighteen feet in width from outside to outside. The piles are fir, forty-five feet long, averaging eighteen inches in diameter, and are driven twenty-one feet into the sand; the piles have been driven by the hydraulic process, which in this instance has been invaluable as it is believed they could not have been driven by the ordinary process. A three-inch rubber pipe is put down by the side of the pile as soon as placed in an upright position in the frame and a jet of water forced through it; this cuts away the sand and the pile sinks down in the sand by its own weight. The simpleness and effectiveness of the operation is manifest to the most casual observer. After the pile has been sunk in this way, a few taps on the end from a huge hammer settles and steadies the pile, and in this way 1,016 piles have been driven. The work has gone rapidly on without a single accident, break or mishap of any kind, and the money expanded has been spent in an intelligent manner entirely satisfactory to those in charge and productive of the best possible results.

Beginning at high water mark, 2,910 feet from the wharf, the work of placing the mattresses commenced. The bundles of fascines are first swung under the stringers of the track, lashed together and bound and rebound, the bundles lying in a direction transverse to the jetty, and when about four feet of thickness is attained they are dropped to the surface of the water. Then smaller rock is dumped on them till they sink; the rock is not of the

coarsest, weighing from 100 pounds to a ton, so as not to pierce the mattress, till it is submerged; then rocks weighing from two to three tons each are dumped till the mattress is covered to a depth of four or five feet and by this time another couple of lengths of mattresses are ready to be sunk, and so the work goes on. Thus far, about 6,000 tons of rock have been used. On the north side, spars of outlying mattresses and masses of rock have been placed as protection from the constant wash of the water while the work of putting in place goes on. In this way, 1,010 feet of the jetty have been constructed, the end of the track being now just 4,000 feet from the wharf and eight feet higher than the eastern extremity.

It is a fine sight to stand on the stringers of the track over 1,000 feet out in the ocean, beyond high water mark. Away out on the spit to the west ,the incoming tide breaks in thunder, and the long waves curl in crested foam along the beach. One huge wave, beaten back again and again, reforms and comes directly toward the piles. It rises and, pressing outward, lifts the sparkling head of crested white foam, in brilliant contrast to the emerald swell beneath, and with a mighty heave it hurls itself against the jetty. A slight tremor is felt as the wave breaks and rushes, hissing under one's feet, the foam rising in spray and scattering in misty points as the wave runs far in and is lost on the wet beach.

Since the work began reaching out to the west beyond the water line the spit has begun rapidly making out on the north and washing away on the south, it now appearing as though the water of the ocean would soon reach the little lake between Ft. Stevens and Pt. Adams, so long ago made by the closing up by the sand of the present line of beach.

With the ocean heaving and tossing under the feet of the workmen, the tide coming and going and the great waves rolling in, it requires constant care and a steady head on the part of the workmen, but they go ahead swinging the large piles into the frame, and when once made up-right sinking them to their home with very little delay. Last week, a large platform sixty-five feet in length and fourteen feet in width has been constructed at the end of the track. It swings on a turntable and overhangs the water twenty-two feet. Though so huge, it swings on a pivot as easily as a gate on its hinges, and is of great convenience in allowing easy placing of the piles. A steam hammer is in operation at present. It works direct and is supplied from a pipe running from the engine in the rear. Above the hammer is a steam chest which, by an ingenious arrangement of valves, gives force to the thirty-five hundred pound hammer to raise it, the hammer dropping on the head of the pile at the rate of sixty blows a minute. After the first hundred blows, the head of the pole begins to smoke from the intense

heat generated by the impact of the ponderous blows and seems as though on fire, the while settling slowly to its place. The hydraulic process is used in connection with the experimental work of the steam hammer.

The jetty is now heading about northwest, the intention being to extend it about three and three-quarter miles to a point almost due south of Cape Hancock. Major Eastwick, who has had entire charge of the work from its incipiency, thinks that active operations for the season will cease about the 15th. Inst. Major Jones and Capt. Powell have visited the work and appear well pleased with the swift and satisfactory manner in which it has been prosecuted. Of the $100,000 appropriated by congress at its last session, $85,000 has been spent. It is within the limits of conservative statement to say that probably no similar amount of government appropriation has been more judiciously expended or with better practical results. Work was begun on April 11th and the six months since then has seen the entire plant placed and the entire work pushed to a point that begins to show what can be done and the usefulness of the project when completed.

This work is one of national importance: it is second in magnitude and the interests affected to no similar work in the United States. It concerns every resident of a scope of country comprising nearly 400,000 square miles of the fairest portion of our national domain. It is a work that affects the future prosperity of everyone in Oregon, Washington and Idaho. It is not of state or local importance to the exclusion of larger interests. It is the direct concern of all and should receive the aid that all can give. To our national legislature the people of this northwest coast look for continued aid to prosecute the great work so well begun.

June 28, 1899, *Astoria Weekly Budget*, page 3.

BOATING ACCIDENTS

Rev. Mr. Knapp of Warrenton recently had an experience, which it is likely he will not soon forget. Wednesday night Mr. Knapp and a friend sailed up to Astoria in a small boat belonging to Sid Campbell, successfully making the trip. About midnight Knapp started back, alone and in some way missed his bearings. He stood up in the boat to look around when his foot went through the bottom—and no wonder people are asking what changed the color of his once black hair. Nevertheless Mr. Knapp proved equal to the emergency and covering up the hole with his foot he bailed out the water, crying for help at the same time. As luck happened, a fishing boat came along and he was taken to Flavel dock, and started off home, no one being up at Warrenton to welcome him with a nice fire. Mr. Knapp vouches that hereafter the train will carry him across the bay.

Carl W. Leick, Architect

A copy of this letter was sent to CCHS by Debra Baldwin of The Lighthouse Journal *which often features stories about our west coast lighthouses.*

To: Maryetta,
c/o The Portland *Oregonian*
From:
P.O. box 803, Seaside, Ore, 97138
January 19th 1968

Dear Maryetta;

With reference to your "On The Town" column appearing in the January 16th edition of the *Oregonian* and in which you appear to lament on the dearth of general knowledge regarding a certain Mr. Carl W. Leick with whom I had the pleasure to know, at the latter date. It was, or is, not strange that very few heard of him for he was a very shy and retiring person, not given to "Chit-chat", brusque and gruff in his manner and wary of strangers. This aloofness I know was not due to coldness of heart, but to the fact, being of the old school of Germans, his early boyhood was of strict discipline, and too he came up the "hard way". He was typically the "Old Type", a very heavy set man with heavy black beard, and he was never able to overcome the heavy german accent which embarrassed him, feeling that people would make fun of him. But Mr. Leick WAS in truth a very kind hearted person and when one gained his confidence he was a true friend.

Now, Maryetta, ere we proceed, let me warn you that, firstly, I am not a writer, and as a typist, am strictly the "Two-finger" type, that is one each hand and even then one (finger I mean) will from time to time get ahead of the other so that several words will be misspelled, and too I digress from time to time, so this "Epistle" may get a bit lengthy, but, if you hav'nt already heaved this letter overboard and have time in your hands then – kick off your tight shoes, adjust your Bi- and/or Trifocals, have the aspirins handy whilst we take a voyage, and away we go—.

Back in August 1920 I was apointed 2nd officer of the U.S. Lighthouse tender *Manzanita*. At that time Oregon & Washington were known as the 17th L.H. Dist, with Headquarters in the old Customs Building. The head personnel of the District office at that time were: Mr. Robert Warrack, Superintendent- Mr Milo Hoadley 1st Asst Superintendent- Mr Carl W. Leick, 2nd Assist Sup't. Mr C. E. Sherman, Lampist & Mechanician, Mr "Dick" Hart, Chief Clerk, and of course numerous other personnel required in the H.Q.operation. Are you still with me???.

Once Annualy or oftener the Superintendent was required to make

a personal inspection of the entire District, the First Assistant usually made a gen'l inspection quarterly. These inspections were more frequent where major lights and installations were located, i.e. Tillamook Rock, Destruction Island, Tatoosh Island & the numerous stations in Puget Sound, Smith, Murrows, San Juan Islands etc etc. all these trips of necessity being made by one or another of the tenders, *Manzanita*, *Rose Heather* etc.

As 2nd Officer, my duties included the handling of all lifeboats, and the whale-boats, in transferring passengers & visitors, Inspection parties and all cargo etc etc from ship to shore and vice-versa, and it was during these many occasions that I had the opportunity to know Mr Carl Leick personally and to be the recipient of his staunch friendship & confidence, for I can truthfully say, and not disparingly, that as far as ordinary conversation went, the proverbial Clam would be considered exceedingly loq1uacious in competition with our subject Mr. Carl Leick, & when he did say anything it was brief and to the point. In those early 20s I was a very "Brash" young man, and, I am afraid at that time did not often show the proper deference to age and dignity, always putting my feet in my mouth as the saying goes, by imitating the "High Brass" in manner of speech & characteristics. Unfortunately, or fortunately, our Mr Leick happened to hear me on several occasions and would gloomily predict that I would come to a "badt endt some day", however it appears that he enjoyed my company and, I am sure gave me more of his confidence than to anyone else and as from time to time those few of us "Old Lamplighters" who are still on deck, gather in a "Gabfest", we reminisce about the old days the little stories about some of the old "Characters" and recall little anectdotes about them, Mr. Leick, Bob Gerloff etal, but the ranks of the "old Gurad" are thinning rapidly so, now as briefly as possible (Ha Ha) let us return to our subject, Mr. Leick, that is, if you are still with me.

At this time I cannot recollect the full length of time that Mr Leick served with the Lighthouse Service, nor do I know his age, but the old LHS of that time (1920) gave in the Personnel regulations that an employee could retire at the age of 65, provided he had at least 30 years of service, it further provided that if one had not the required service at age 65, he could serve until age 70, & further that if he were in very good health he could serve until age 72. Now, I do know that Mr Leick had been in the Service for many years, and judge he was about 65 years of age in 1920, and he possibly may have been in his early seventies, for he retired some time between 1922/25, and died a few years later in Portland.

It appears that Mr Leick designed many of the Lighthouse dwellings, and certainly several of the structures,

and superintended erection of them. I made many tours with him during the above period, in which he inspected the various installations, and too I learned much from him. He was thoroly "Victorian" in his tastes and abhorred what he called the equivelent of "Jimcrack" in German to the newer residences for Lighthouse Keepers and their families. In fact during many of his frequent trips thru-out the District his inspections at those stations which were of "Leick" design were noticeably much longer than others, in fact, he would very deliberately and emphatically refuse to go ashore at some of the newer installations.

CCHS Image #12521.00L

Carl Leick, 1854-1939

It was my particular delight to call his attention to a very up-to-date modern Keepers dwelling at Lime Kiln Light (San Juan Islands) which had been (I believe) designed by Mr. Milo Hoadley, or one of the newer younger Lighthouse Engineers. This dwelling was of the low type flat roofed affairs, with low ceilings & modern heating equipment, and I would always express surprise when Mr. Leick would say "NO Nein NO I vill not steptd my feedt in such a place- I dontd go widt you" and that was it. But when we came to some of the older stations with the old high dwellings, fancy scrolls, huge doors, 10 & 12 ft ceilings, old coal and wood ranges in the galley and huge bedrooms, it was "Ach, now dere ist a puilding". When he designed his own Victorian buildings, he put the utmost care and craftsmanship into it, he would even refuse to have certain of the various foremen and carpenter crews of the Service do the work, except those hand-picked ones of his own. Woe betide any carpenter, helper or anyone else who made the slightest error, or tried to get by with any shoddy work, he was a perfectionist, all mitered joints had to be just so, or out they came even if it necessitated tearing out several walls. He made his buildings to endure and I learned some wonderful "Cuss words", even tho I could not understand them, being spoken in german, and when he got on a rampage when finding something he considered improperly done, it certainly remarkable the number of words he would growl, and e'en tho' one couldn't understand the words the meaning was definitely clear.

1990 Postage stamp of Admiralty Head Lighthouse, Whidbey Island, WA, One of Carl Leick's designs.

There are a number of the old "Leick" favorite houses still in service, mainly at the older L. H. Stations. It is many years since I have been around the whole District, as I retired from the District HDQ in Seattle on December 31, 1955, but I believe that possibly Burrows Island, Smith Island, Tatoosh Isl, Destruction Isl and several others, all in this 17th District are still in use. In addition there is a private dwelling over in Washington, I think between Seaview & Long Beach, which Mr. Leick pointed out many years ago with great pride, and is I believe of his architectural design.

These old Lighthouse dwellings did, at one time contain, stored usually in the roomy attics, many old letters, blueprints and other stuff which probably would prove interesting today, but I imagine how these too are but "Memories" of days past. Time does not permit the relating of a few anectdotes concerning, or Warrack, Mr. Leick, and several other old-timers of the former Lighthouse Service, but let us hope that wherever those faithful old-timers may be, the Light in the Tower will guide them on their long journey into Eternity.

Now this old "Windjammer" better reef all sails, clear the decks and drop the hook—for by now, if you've gotten this far, you must be ready for a "Cuppa" coffee, or even a snort of "Grog" for I note the sun has long gone over the yard-arm & its time to hit the "Sack". Oh yes, ere it slips this old thing I call a MIND, is my old friend Edgar Piper still on Deck, or has he slipped his cable? He took several voyages with us on the old *Manzanita*, and wrote several good articles on the Old L.H.S. (See Portland Sunday *Oregonian*-July 10th 1942, and other items from time to time, you'll see lots of names and places maybe Messrs Vaughn, Ross and even MARYETTA never heard of, Hein?

Cheerio.

Claude G. Asquith, Cdr., USNR, Ret.

[Note of the editor: most of the typos were in the original letter.]

A Story of Yung Sailer

by William Larson

Note: the following story was given to CCHS by Fletch Johnson, as written by his grandfather William Larson.

I WAS BORN IN THE CITY OF Landskrona in Sweden on the 26th day of May 1860 to werry poore paarends and they had a hard strugel to get along especially my Mother as she was the bred winner of the fammely. Dad likt his licker to musts and was not muts good to us so wi lived in a small house in the out scerts of the citty. She used to thack me along and work for other peple. I recall in the fall when the farmers harvested ther crops they would lose som heads of grene in the stubles and she som tims would havfe 2 or 3 sacks full. In the evening she pickt up and when we got home she would thrash on the floor with a pease of wood and she thack it to a miller and he thack part of it for his work and thore is whare wi got our bred. Then she went out in the cow pastures and pickt dry cow ships for fuell that was dreyd in the sun and it made good fuwel. Well she strugeld along the best she could.

When I was eight years old the miller had a big flock of gees that he resed for market for thanks gerwen (?). The peple used them in the plase of turkies here so he give me a job wathing them in the pastur and give me 25 cents a month and bord. My mother all so justed to cook and bake for prywat parties and in that way she made a little monny. I workt with the gees for 3 months and they got fat so he sold them and I lost my job.

She hunted around for som thing to do and all so she could keep me and she got a job as a cook in a country Hottell and they give me also a job to herd cows in the daytime and set up 12 pins at nite. I got the sam pay as I did from the miller but I got a nice lot of tips from the peple that plaid. I remember when Mother bought my first par of lether shoes. Before I had only wooden shoes and I was wery proud and she also got some nice close. Well we workt there for a while.

Then thare was a copla brothers they wer batchlers. They had a lumber yard, they advertised for som one to shingle a lot of lumber sheds. The sheds was all ready bilth and sheeted so me and the other cid put in a bed for so muts a sqvare yard. Thare was mor bidders thare and when they opened the bidd they lockt att us an one of them said to the other what do you think of the nerve those cid have got. So the other fellow lockt us over and he laft and said By golly they have got the nerve let us give them the job. Of course, it wassent muths of a job. The shingle was all one

... continued on page 30

Painting the Astoria-Megler Bridge

CCHS # The Daily Astorian Collection

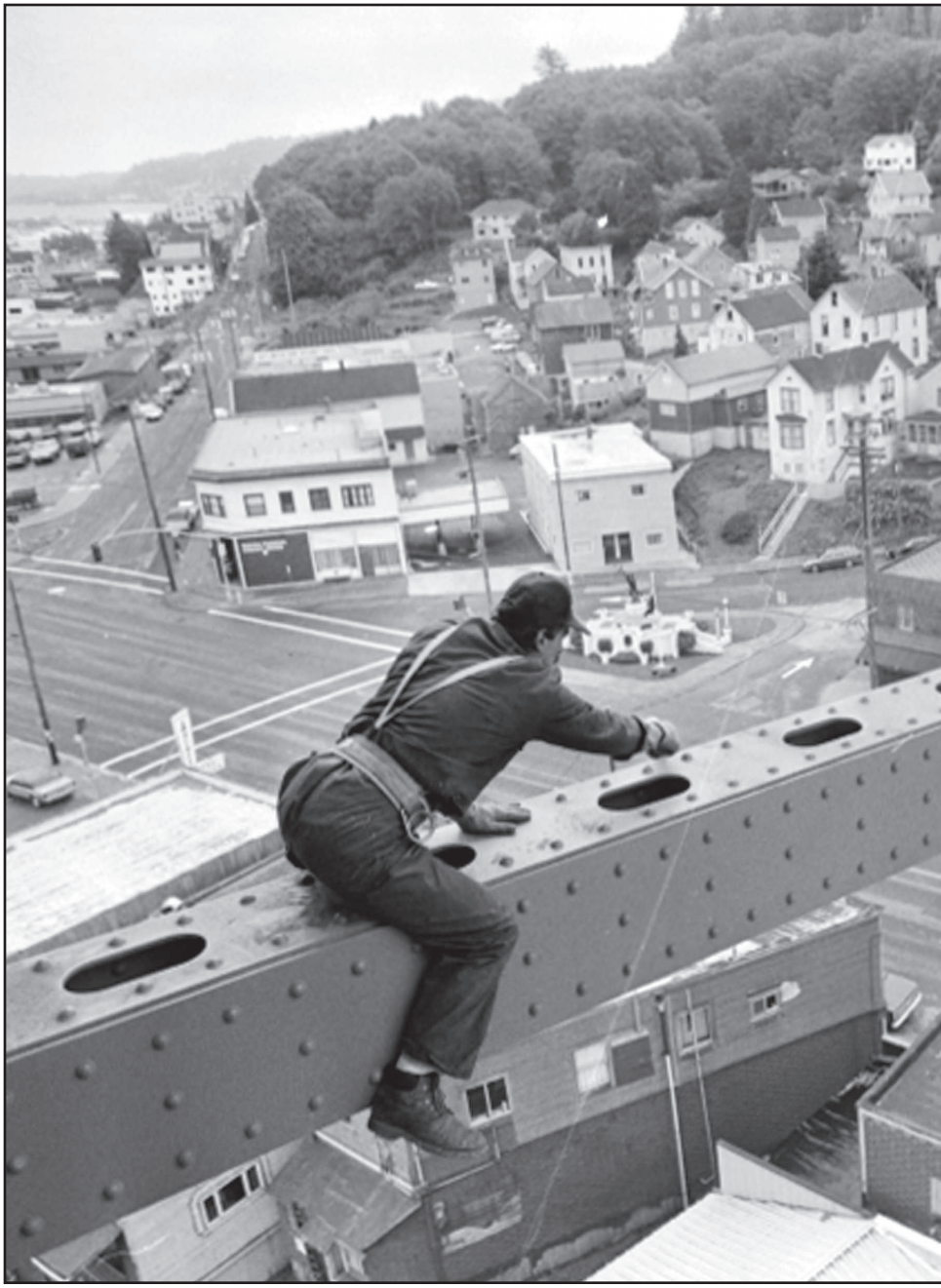
This and the following images through page twenty-nine are from the Daily Astorian collection and appeared in the May 22, 1991 edition with the following caption:

High and Mighty

Dana Carper, an employee of Interstate Coating Inc. of Seattle, shinnies down a beam as he and other workers prepare to move the containment walls on their sand blasting and painting project on the Astoria Bridge. Andy Lapiers, site foreman, says that with moisture-cured urethane paint, the section of the bridge the crew is working on will be completed by July. According to Lapiers, the rest of the bridge will be cleaned and painted starting next year.

The Daily Astorian — Robin Loznak

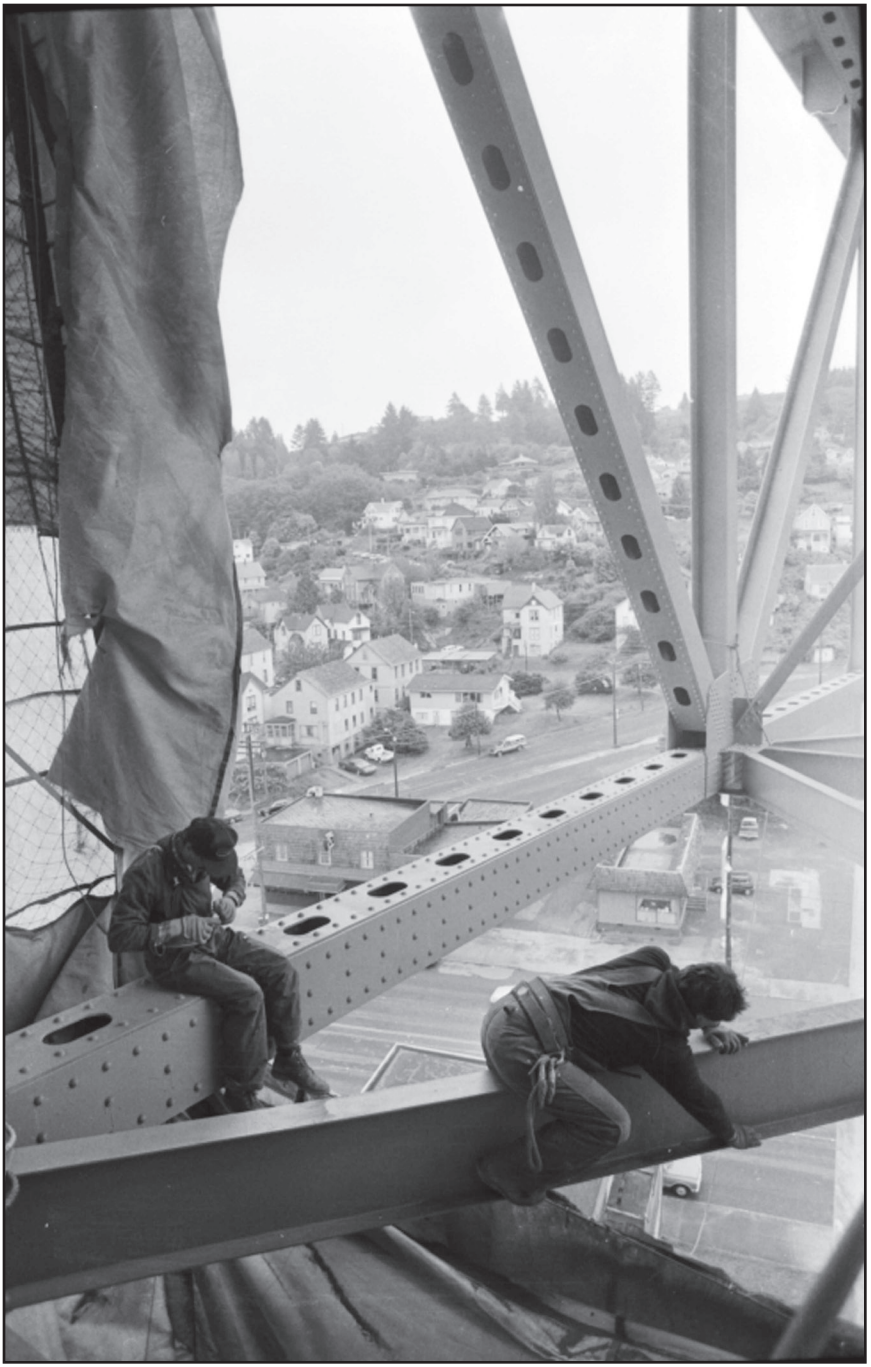
CCHS # The Daily Astorian Collection



It certainly took a lot of

CCHS # The Daily Astorian Collection

COURAGE TO DO THIS WORK!



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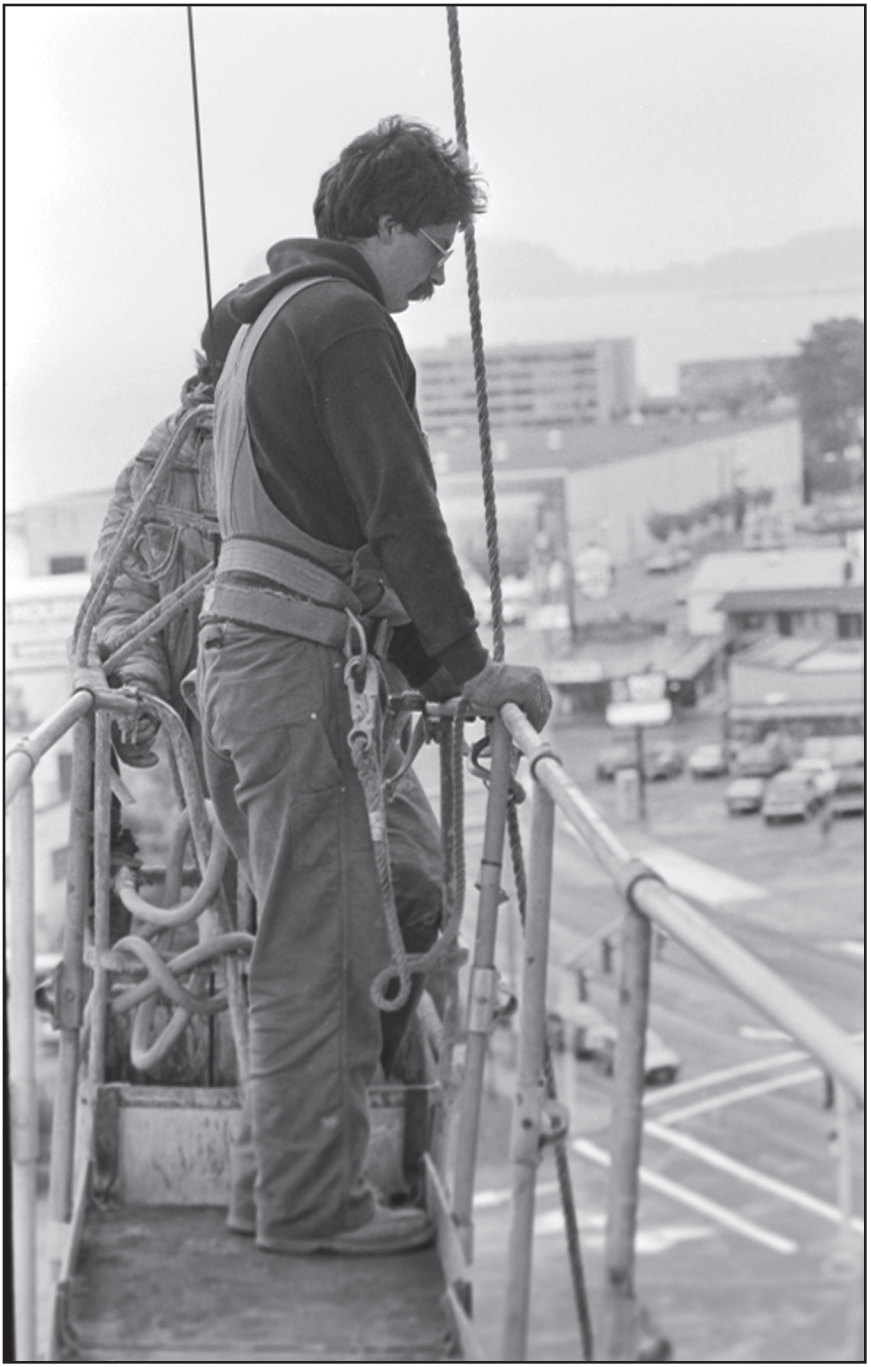

CCHS # The Daily Astorian Collection

CCHS # The Daily Astorian *Collection*

...continued from page 21

size 4 x 18 and 50 in a bunch so wi went to work and thay was werry nice to us. Some time they would com up on the roof and help us. They had an old made cook and she sometimes would bring us hot sop for lunshen and a pease of kake. Well we got don about the midle of January so thay paid us off and give a little bonus to and told us that we ver a copla darnd good cids.

Then I had an onkel that was a head riger in the ship yard. I went and ask him for a prentis job. He said you is just the boy we want that's not afrad to clim and he give me 3 krawns a day. That was good pay but som tims had to work till 10 or 11 at nite but I larent the trade as a rigger wich one of the best trad you could leren at that time. Well the ship was a 2 masted Briganten and a fast sailing ship. She was bilt for a frut trader. We finished her in a mont and a half and she was reddy for see, about the 20 of March 1871. The captain said I will thack you as a cabin boy. Well, I wile have to ask my Mother first. Captain said he would go home and talk to her and he told her he would lern me to read at sea so I could pass my bock [confirmation book] and bi confermd when wi got back so she agred. Her name was *Prinses Carolina of Swedborg*. She was bilth for a Danish frim in the citty of Swendborg. We sailed a cross the sound to Copenhagen and loded merchandise for Island and Faro Islands and Grenland. When we got thar they turned the ships hold in to grosery store. They traded grocerys for wool, fish and fathers (?) and brouth it from thar down to Medetrainin and to Mesina thar we discharged cargo and loded all sorts of tropical fruit about half ripe at that time was the only way they could get the frut thar to Leningrad in the spring of the year on account of transpartian. And the Russian government oferd a werry substance prise for the first ship that got to linnengrad in the spring when the ice broke up so wi carryd on sails [?] fish and had the lee rail under water half the time, but the ship won the first price that yeare, then we went over to Sweden Citty Sundswall (?) and thack a load of lumber to Antwerpe in Beljen and then to Copenhagen and I was paid of so I went home and saw my Mother just over nite.

I went back to Copenhagen next morning and shipt in a small shaver of about 90 tons burden. We were only five as a crew and went up thru the Baltic Sea Clear to the Northern extreme of the Baltic Sea to the City of Lulleas and loded lumber for a citty in a Danish island by the name of Naskow and the name of the island was Lolland. We left Lulsa and sailed down through the Baltic and clere down to southeastern port of the Danish islands and there we run into a tarefick snow blessered. The see was werry rough. The ice froze in chunks and in sailing trough the mes the ice wore the planks on the water line of the ship werry tin. Well, we findly got in between two islands and ancored.

We found bottem so wi could, but the current run strong between them and the next morning the plank was war through and she was filled with water. Of cource we stayd in the focsell on deck. She was loded with lumber so she did not sink. Well it findly frose soled and we stayd for 3 days. On the third day the capten dsided to leve before we fros to dedt and on the 3 day wi made slay runner of 22 inch planks and put a smale bot on them so wi had a supstancel slay. Wi put som provisen and compass and an ax, and we left the ship about 11 o'clock in the fornawne. Well ewerry thing went alwright for the first mile then on of the sailers went to slepe but the Capten ceckt him around for a little but it was no juse he was don so we put him in the bot and thack him with us and went on. After a while the other yung man went the sam way wi put him in the bot also. And went on when we got in close to shore we could see the snow drifts on the land. Then the Old mate went. well we cold not pull them anny more so we cut a holle in the ice and stuck an ore in it and (left?) the bot, corps and all. The Old mate was 60 years old. Wi could not pull the bot anny longer so we left and made for land. The captan was a grat big husky man and som 26 years old and I was 13) when I thought I could no go anny longer he chered mi up and told me what a good boy I was.

Findly wi got in to the snow drifts on land but wi had no truble gong over the snow it was frozen and bor up. Findly wi came to a big farm house when we entered the first get we saw a man working back and forth in the big rome and we came to the dore he maet us and the capten told him wi ver shep reckt sailors. He drew a long breth and said this is teribles. Well hi said I will geve you a pease of cake and som wine if you will go over to my brothers. My daughter is going to be marryd to night, and they were werry superstisus and they thought it was werry bad omen and bad luck for the balance of her life if she should see a ship reckt sailor fece. But the captain said that was alwrigt as he was gong home to bi marryd after this trip and he was a [unreadable]. Well, so we went to whar the man tolt us to go and wi got there and an old lady and 2 young girls and ask us to come in. The Capten went first when I started the Old Laydy put her hand in frunt of me. She lockt me in the face and said yung man you can't com in. Well, I could not stand anny longer I burst out crying. She said never maind we will thack care of you. My checks were pink and the back of myhands and I would be the next to go but they thack me out in the snow and workt on mi rubing me with snow for som time but I found out when the blod got in cirkelaesen I thought they wer sticking mi with pins.

We stayed there for three days and nights and they was shoure good to us. Well, the fourth nite in the evening the farmer he hocht up his horses to a bob

slay with wagon bed full of straw. We got in to Noskow next morning that was the plase wi wer bound for in the first plase. (We started about 7 oclock in the evening and got in about 3 in the morning) and here wi got the train for Copenhagen. That was only mi as the captin went just a short way as he was gong home to his folks, well, we went on to a citty (?) In Copenhagen I was sypose to find the old mats fammely and tell them about our disaster and I heted it but I went and found them in a apartment about 12 x 12, a young woman 2 chldrins with out any fire and did [not] see muts to eat. It was a hard thing to see. I had 12 crowns or $2.50 in the Amerecan monny. Well, when I toled sad nuse of course they started to cry and so did I. It was shourly sad so I give them 10 crowns and I cept 2.

I left for a shiping office and as luck had it I got a ship riht thare and left around Selland to the Westeren part of Selland to a plase bi the name Gollengborg and laded with lots for Hull in England. Thar I run away from the Danish Skoner (schooner?) paid my way across from Hull to Liverpool. Thare I shipt in a bigg American ship bi the name of *Narth Mane* (?) She was 1800 ton register and her name was Pleades of Barth, that was in 1877 and the first time I crost the Atlantic Ocean. After wi left the tug the Capt. bald out his orders somting like this. Lay aft all hands, hoist the mane to sail so of course I was the shanty man so I started in something like this. Com all you young fellows that follow the sea to way hay blow you man down. When all sails was set the captain hollered lay aft and splice the main brase that mant a glas of grog so when all the sails was set and as I lookt forward and saw the ship (cruising) the beatyfull waters throwing the spre fare and wide. We sailed along about 13 to 14 knots an ower for about 3 weeks and findly got in the Carbien see on up to mouth of the buytyful Missisipy river and when the tug boat got ahold of us and towd us up the river and I saw the oringes groves and the tropical gardens along the rivers bank, I shoure thought I was in frunt parler in heven and when wi got up to harber of Newaleines I thought it was the biggest and bissyest plase that I had ever seene. Thar was thousands of ships thide ut the docks.

Well, I stayed thare for abut 2 weeks then I shipt in a big Newyork ship bi the name *Sabina of NewYork*. She was lying in Mobile so we thock pasege on a river to joine the ship thare the next day and when we cam on bord in the afternone the mate hollered to get in the focell and change your close and they followed us in the focsell and surcht us and they found among the sailers 2 revolvers and 3 knockelduster. They brack the points of our shite (?) knifs. Then they orderd us on deck to bind sails and get reddy to have ancor. Next morning well, they cald us up 5 oclock to have ancor and got under way. Then after breakfast they started us to (w)holy stan the decks. I am tell-

ing you my frinds I wich I was over the side or som other place I thought shour it was hell if thar was such a plase. In the afternone the Capten ask mi if I could sew sails soI told him rigging and sailmaking was my trade. He said that was fine so after that I didn't have anything to do with the officers as I worked with the Capten sewing sails, only in case maneuvering the ship or shifting sails so everything went along for some time and then wi run into a terrible storm in the Atlantic and a terrible sea so we wollered around in that hevy sea for some time. Of course it was a wooden ship and an old won so of course the ruder brock off in the rudder drum. It was dryroted and wi was in a pretty fix. The capten thought it was going to ram a hole in the ship so it was up to us to get rid of it the best wi could. The hinges was stil fast to the sturn part but that was 2 chance fastened to the back of the ruddere so he called all hands aft and ask for some one to walenters and offered $25.00 and a glass of grog to anyone that would bi let down over the stern of the ship bi som rops. Well I did not care for the monny but I felt it was sombodis duty to do something so I wollenterd so they put 3 rops on mi, one to lore me down with and one an ich side to hold me close to the ship. It did not thack me long to do it so they hold mi up so we let it go an rigd up a juy ruder so as to keep her study in the rough seas. After we had everythings gong he cald mi aft and told me that I was a breve sailor and gave me five $5.00 bills but I did not know what to do with it because the crew noting but a bunch of cut throts and they were going to steal it from me if they could but thar was an old acordian lying in the focell that everybody was playing an so when I was along I unskrud the bellers of it and put the monny in it and thare it was safe.

Well wi saild along a few days and wi sighted land. It was the Isle of Bermuda so they signeld for a tug to com out to bring us in to Gorgtown. That was ojne of the two cittys on Bermuda. The other citt was Hamelton. Well I never saw a plase in my life whar thar was so muts sunshine and fine wather as thar was on the isell of Bermuda. It was the most Nordlyest island of the West Indis so they had to send to NewYork for a New Ruder so it kept us thar for two months before wi got to sea agin. We was bound for Grenock in Skotland. It thack us about six weeks to get there. Well thar I got my first drunk in mi life. Thar was an old swed he said let us go in shore and get a drink. I onskrewed the old accordion and thack mi mony out and the sailors staired. They had been looking for it all over. So I went with the old Swede and when wi got up town wi went in to a publick house and wi got 2 drinks apeace and I got werry drunk and sick and laid down along side the wall and on the street went to sleap. After a while I felth somon fooling around mi going through my pockets and they

got my monny. I could not help myself I was that drunk and helpless so thar went my price mony. Then someone cam along and picket me up. I don't know, it must have bing someone that knew mi at any rate I found myself in my bunk next morning and sick. I never bing so sick in my life so laiyd in my bunk with my face towards the wall so I felth somwon touch me on my back so I said to get to heck out of here and leav mi alonge I am so sick. Pretty sone they tucth me agen so I turned around and thar was a butifull lady sitting on my chest. I wisht I could drop through the bottem of my bunk when I saw her I was so shockt in my life. Well, it so happen the Capten's wufe wer Welch from Cardif and she had com to visit her husband and he evidently told her about me. I gas he likt me as I was darn good sailer so I lockt across the foxell and thar was the Capten setting on a chest so the lady cald me by neme. She said, "William, You have bing a bad boy do not do that agen so I promised and I kept it. The capten spokk up and said you stay in your bunk till you get better and then report to me. So next morning when they started to unlode the ship the mate put mi on the frunt end of the ship of the pechpine logs as they went out of the ship. Well they got the cargo out and loded sale for Riodjeneryo in Brasil.

So we left Grenock and had a nice trip about 2 months pretty good time for that old tub. She was a slow sailing ship. When we got in to ankers as all ships did it was the biggest harber in the world at that time. Well they put a small bote in the water and I was appointed bot man for the durashen and the Capten and the Mrs. went ashore and staid in a hotel then I went in shore every morning and brought the Captun out. It was ungodly hot there and in a few days the sailors began to get sick. Som with small pox and yellow fever. They wer told not to drink to muts ise water but it was so darnd hot that they sweted som thing tereble and thay went and drink that isy water fild up ther stumicks and I think that's what made them sick and cild about half of the crew. I brought them all ashore 1 by 1. It did not affect mi anny. I went to the cook and ask if I could emty the tee cettell and I thack just a little at the time and I think that's what saved mi. Well, after wi discharged the cargo wit hack in ballast and got orders to go to Rangon, Est India for orders and when wi got thar we got orders to go to Mormain a short distance from thare to lade teakwood and mahogany for England, but we had to stop at Sain Helena for orders to some plase in England and when wi got thare I got shore leve.

It was a law if a sailer had beng at sea for 6 months he was intiteld to 24 awers shore leve and som monny of courc. Wi was ankered in the river so when I got a shore thar was taxses that that made a living bi haling peple around for sith

seeing. You could hier a nice team of horses and a collee driver for 50 cents a day and I felth so darn funy when I stept on land I could hardly walk so I heered one and thack a ride out in the country and wi drove away out till we came to a schoole house and they just turned out for resess so I said to the driver stop. Thare was a frute stand and I told him to call the cids over and tell them to have anything they wanted. I had plenty of monny so he did. Of cource, I could not thalk ther langwegs but I was a curiosity to them and the ticher let them play with me so he let them have the afternone of. He was just a young man himself. Of course the dryver inturpereated and I had a time of mi life. Of cource, they had hardly anny clace and I didn't have werry muts eather.

When wi draw back to town as wi came to the outscerts of the sitty we saw an inclasier so I ask him to stop I thought it was som sort of a play ground. I saw som stairs just ordinary and som teek wood slabs along side of them with som carved letters wicth I did not understand so like a crazy kid I kickt around all over and nockt over the star just then thar was 2 colles poise and they grabd me. I did not know what fare. Well, the dryver dumpt in the rig and left and they thack me to a polis stateon. So the man in charge was an Englisman when he saw us coming he was standing in the dore and he laft to beet the band and I was shauly skerth. I ask what I had don. He said Ow, you have committed a horeble crime and then he laft agen so I said for God sek tell me what I have don. He said you kickt over ther God so he brout me out in the court yeard and thar was a hommok plased between a copla palm tres till super time and he was realy glad to thalk to me about Ureop and he told me he didnt think they would do muts to mi, as I did not know what I was doing. I wich I could have stayd thare a month. He was very nice to mi, but low and behold the next morning the Capten had found out and he came a shore and bald mi out and paid a smale fine. That ended my shor leve at Mormain.

Well, it thack us about a month to lode. It was werry interesting to see the way they was working the cargo. The elephants brought the sgars (spars?) down to the river and put them in the rafts and plast them and then thar was a cooly on the raft who drove a staple in icth log after the elephant had plased in the raft then the elefant would go clere under the water till driver stod up to all most his neck, then he went out after an other log when the raft was finised then the coolies about 4 or 5 of them would thake a rope and swem out to the ship and they put the end abord. Then the stevidors hold the raft along side with the ships donky. The mahogany was brought out on barges. It was a slow process to lade at that time. They did not have the machinery they have now for loding ships. Well wi got redy for sea and left. Went acrosed

CCHS Image #99.034.001.172

Centennial Postcard photo of Crowd of people at Centennial Stadium, Centennial Park (Shively Park) on Scandinavian Day, 1911. William Larson is in front row, bottom right.

the Bey of Bengall and around the Cape of Good Hope and findly un to Saint Helena wich lays about 8 degres south of the agwater and ankred and layd thar 2 days and waited for a telegram. I think the Captens wife got him to let us go a shore and see whar Napoleon was interned for 14 years. Thar was 375 steps from the bech up to the plase whar he was in prison. I suppose the furniser was the same that he had jused. It gvet a nice plase and a capla old soildjers that thack care of it and the had a nice tropegel garden up thar. I thought it was very nise but it lackt aloonsam (?).

Well the telegram [came] an wi got orders to go to London. We was about 5 month from Marmean to London and wi got paid off, so I was intended to go home to see my Mother but som of the sailors got hold of mi and wanted mi to ship in Skatts bark ship bi the name of *Grennok from Grennok*. She was loded with licur for the West Indis so I sent four hundred dollars home to my Mother and shipt again so wi left London out the English channel and got out in the Bay of Bisky and run into a terebel storm from Northwest. This place is one of the stormiest places in the fall of the year. It coms right down from the Artik and hits the Spanis Cost near Cap Finester light house and lots of ships went on the rocks in that strom. A funny coinsedence hap-

pened. The ship got leaking pretty bad. A heavy sea stove in the bulwark at mid ships. We thack in all the sails but one that was the mane lower topsail at 12 o'clock in the nite. We went up to thak half of that of in order to stude the ship from roling over. We was 11 men went up. I was 3 man out on the leeyard arm and thar was 2 men outside of mi when I got my rope around and fastened, I loockt out and thare was nobody. They wer gon over bord and lost so thar was only 9 of us cam down. Well, wi had to pump agen so wi sang and told stories in order to incuige won another along towards morning they all ended up with along sight. About 7 o'clock I went in foxell to get my last cha of tobaka as wi expected to streck the rocks anny time. When I cam in the foxell thar was a yung Nortwegan. He said, "Billy, let us pry. I said, "they will all lafe at us. He said, "Never mind wi are here alone so he prayed, and this is what hapend. When wi cam out on deck the wind camd down and chaingd and we set all sails and had a suck in the pumps and heding out to sea agen about 9 in the morning. Now this mith have happened but I got my religen right thare and I never went to bed since that time with out my pryers and the older I get the more I believe in my maker.

We made a good trip from thar to Demmerera in West Indis and thar it was shour hot so wi discharged cargo and loded suger for Nuwyork, but I must saiy I never met more hapyer piple than I met in Demmeresa. They wer mostly Negros. Of course, thar was peple from all ower the world and tthey wer sining chantys all the time. When the wakt it was one hundred an ten in the shade so we got reddy for sea and left on Chrsmas day in 1880. We maid a qwick trip about 2 weeks. We was of Sandy Hack of Newyork. Ow it was cold, so I was deturmd to gvit the sea. Thare I herd so muts about what wonderful plase it was. Well I found thar was an tereble deprestian in 80 and a lot of peple out of work but I got a chansh in a dairy at a dollar a day. I did not thack it. I saw an adwertsement in a paper the wanted 10 men to paint cabels on the Bocklin Bridge a 3 ½ a day so I thought that pretty good so I went down to the office and they told mi to go to work next morning. When I got thare wi hang in rope in what the cald a bosens chair. Thare were 10 of us went up and in about 10 menut the first fell went down and bi 10 I was alone. But I stuck it out till 12 so when I got down I told the boss I was tro. He said yung fellow you ar a hero. Now you better mak a day out of it so I did. When I got my monny so I said to myself to heck whit New York I am going to styr my nose for the south again.

So I went down to the shiping office and as luck had it I shipt in one of the finest Cliper ship out of U.S.A. Her Nam was *Isking* [*Ice King*] of Boston and she shaoure was a fine one. She was loded with col oil. She was a 1400 ton ship. The col oil was 5 gallon cans

Model of Frederic Tudor's ice ship, the Ice King.

an 2 in a box so wi left New York the 24 of January in 1880 for a plase in Java bi the name of Angel point for orders. The plase was not fare from Botavia the capitel of Java. It was a nice plase. We cam in shore that was the Netives sitting around. All had rosters. So when the sailors cam a shore they rigd up cock fiths and of course the sailers got to betting on difrent rosters and lost their monny and I gess that how they made ther living. Well, wi got orders to go to Sinkapore so it did not thack us long to get thar. When wi got thar wi dischargd part of the cargo and loded mertchndise for Hongkong. We didn't even get in shore thar. Wi was ankeredin the harber and onloaded on barges part of the cargo. Then wi got som more merchandise and went to Carvit in the Filopins. Thare wi disposed of all the cargo and loded jut and manilla rope for Chan ghay. Well, wi unloded thare and loded all cinds of machinery for Ykahama in Japan. After the ship was unloded wit hack in ballast and got orders to go to Wictoria B.C. for orders.

When wi run in to a terebl storm of the cost a Siveria and lost the top masts of the mene and formast so wi put in to Wladywastock and got New masts. Wi was not werry long about it ether. When wi got Wicktoria thar was all reddy orders for us to go to Astoria on the Columbia river. It did not thack but a few days to make that trip as it was only a short distance but the Columbia river has a werry rough bar so we saild around for a copla days and than an other Englis ship thar also which was trying to get in. Wi got in allwright but [the English ship] mist the bare and went ashore on the sand bich and got wreckt and she is still thare berryd in the sands. That trip thack 2 years and 7 monts and dat was the ending of my sailing days. I never bing outsid

CCHS Image #3676.400L

William Larson's milkboat *Brisk* on the Lewis and Clark River. He is at the wheel while Martha Heckard Larson holds William Larson Jr. The two men in the bow are unidentified.

of the bar since. That was the 10 day of October in 1883.

Peple says a sailer sees a lot. That werry tro, but after all it all water and land. In erly days the ships akored in the rivers and cargos was thicken a shore on barges an rafts. Douring my 12 years that I sailed, I don't think I was on soled land 3 months in all mine shore leve and all.

Now for my time in Astoia, it as a tough town mostly inhaveted by old sailors and fishermen gamblers and funtiers and shanghyers but it was plenty livly. The town was bilth on pilling on the river bank and so was the streets. I think thar was about 4000 inhabedents. I likt it. The peple was werry canjinel the climat is good. Wi wore the sam close on the 4 of July as wi do at Chirstmas. I cleime the U.S.A. is the best country in the world and the Pacifeck North west is the crème of U.S.A. and wi also have the nicest women in the world. Astoria was bilth on a panensula on a point on the south side of the Columbia river and the only way the farmars could bring ther produse was by bots so I got a job bringen milk to town from the Lewis Clark farmers. First I had a sail bot for 10 years and then I bought a small steamboat and I run that for 11 years so in all I brauth milk to town for 21 years. Som pepel told I was crasy but thank Good I am still here. It got to bi more settlers and the bessenes gruw so findly a few of us got ta gather and desided to bild a road acrost the bay. That was in 1897 so every body wallenteird to help and even the loggers turned out to help us so wi bilth a dert road out to willege by name of Mellwill and the county court of Clatsop County bilth

Astoria Budget

Wm. Larson, Pioneer, 84, Dies Here

William Larson Sr., 84-year-old pioneer of the Lewis and Clark area, today closed an active and colorful life, dying early this morning at a local hospital where he has been confined through a long illness.

Mr. Larson Sr. was born May 26, 1860 in the city of Landskronia, Sweden. His mother was Swedish and his father, Lars Roustan, was French. When applying for citizenship in the United States, he followed the Scandinavian custom of adding the word son to his father's first name to make his family name.

Is Stowaway

He left his home for the first time as a stowaway on a merchant ship when 11 years old. After a year he returned, attended Lutheran confirmation school, and after his confirmation again shipped out and never returned to his native land. He sailed the seven seas under flags of many nations until he arrived in Astoria in 1881, and began his dairying career, working at the John F. Nolan farm near Youngs bay.

He married Martha Irene Heckard, native Oregonian and daughter of early Clatsop County pioneers, Mr. and Mrs. Peter B. Heckard, in August 1885. Mrs. Larson died in 1933.

Family Left

Mr. Larson is survived by Mrs. Mark Johnson and Mrs. Henry P. Marxen, of Astoria; Mrs. E.G. Cleary of Gardens, Calif., daughters; Clarence Leon Larson of Salem, William Heckard Larson and Gilbert Dee Larson of Astoria, Vernon Archie Larsen in the U.S. navy Seabees, South Pacific, sons; also eight grandsons, six of whom are in the service; five granddaughters and seven great grandchildren, the families of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Seppa and Mr. and Mrs. Lester C. Hall of Los Angeles.

Long known as Captain Larson, he held both captain and engineer licenses for operating boats on the Columbia river and tributaries. He rescued some 20 persons from drowning in the Columbia and Lewis and Clark rivers during the many years he plied daily in his small steamboat between his farm and Astoria with milk. He had a passionate love of the sea, and an excellent swimmer, and served often as vice-admiral of the Astoria regatta.

In County Job

He was first elected county commissioner in 1904, but resigned before completing the full four-year term. Later he was re-elected for about five terms and held office when the present courthouse was built. He was president of the Clatsop county juvenile fair, a forerunner of the present 4-H club fair, and helped organize this with the former school superintendent, A.H. Byland, and the city school superintendent, John Gray Imel.

He organized and served as president of the Larson dairy until illness forced him to retire.

He was a charter member and the first treasurer of Netel grange, belonged to the Presbyterian church, was a former trustee and one of the organizers of the Oregon State Dairymen's association and the first vice-president of the Clatsop County Fair board, a member of the Moose lodge and one-time member of the Elks, the Chamber of Commerce and the Push club. At various times he was also a member of the local school board. He was widely-known for his love of dancing and until late months rarely missed an old-time dance in the area.

Funeral services are being arranged by the Hughes-Ransom mortuary.

County Commissioner William Larson is standing on the corner stone for the new courthouse, on the right

a brige acros the water so wi had the first road in the county but it was only a dirt road but as luck had it thare was a company of ? or speckuleters that bilth a rail road arand the panensula of Astoria. They boomd the contry and the road was complet all but the rails and then they went brock so wi got the acwety [equity?] from the property owners to breck up the railroad and use it to pave over road with wicth wi did. That opened the Lewis & Clark Dairy Contry and now wi have the nicest dairys around for hundreds of mils and stockt with imported Gurnsy cows. Since then the road was turned over to the state higway and now wi have roads fine all over the county. In 1922 the town had a big fire, everyting was cleand up. Then they pumpt in sand from the Columbia river and re bilth the town and now wi have the prtyest citty of the size on the pacific with about 14000 popelesen. Wi have 4 big sawmills, 3 big shipyards and the biggest salmmen fish industry in the world so the town is a prosperes one.

Now as to myself thare was only a few fammelys on the Lewis & Clark Districkt and 2 girls of marrybed age and I got plum stuck on one of them and so I ask her to marry mi and to my surprise she said jes. Well I shour got exsided as I did nt know how I could thack care of her but I had som monny at home in a bank that I had saved when I saled and I sent for it and give it to her. Well she thack it $400, so wi got marryd the 16 day of Agust 1885 at Fort Clatsop whos Lewis & Clark the grat explorer camt in 1811 [1805]. Well wi went on a short weding trip when wi got back she geve mi the monny back. Well I said what you by your close with. Ow she said I had $38 dollars that I erned from som folks that workt for and mother went with mi to towne and wi bought what wi neaded and mother helpt mi macking my weding outfit so wi might use the monny to bi cows with and so wi did. Shour was a good vife for a pore man. Well wi started wi had rented Fort Clatsoop and wi bouth 16 cows. Wi stayd thar for 2 years then wit hack a bigger plase, bought more cows, workt hard and mad good so findly wi had 100 cows. We resed a big family. Wi had 7 childrin and now I have 13 grand children and 6 gret grandchildren. My wife daid 10 years ago and now I am alone. The shildrin ar all grown and gon out for them selfs and all doing wall. I have a nice little home on the est bank of the gret Lewis & Clark river. My vife was the first in the fammely to pas out. Her parents was pensylwenea duch and erly pyners.

In 1904 I was eleckted County Commisener and served for 20 years and of course I was connected with the dairy all so. I sold out the farm to my son. I am interested in a distributing plant in Astoria. On of the up to dayt one it is calld the Larson Dairy Company of Astoria. I will bi 83 years old the 26 day of may 1943 but still hall and harty. I don't know that I hafe bing seck but once in my life that was about

6 years ago. I got stuck in the sand at the summer resort at Seaside and over exserted mi trying to get out and I pretty near past out findly with my car. So this is a story of an adwenturst sailor boy that saild in the seventys and eg this when the proud sailing ships saild the seven seas and now with the flying machens the can meck it in about 30 days. Som chinges. This is my store and fist thanking God for giding mi through all thes years second to the pepel of American that adopted mi and give a chans live with them. ❧

Note: There are at least two hand written copies of "William Larson," evidently made by him. Another story was printed in the Summer 1983 issue of Cumtux probably by his daughter, Minnie Myrtle Larson Marxen. It was originally printed in the Astoria Evening Budget *on Nov. 12, 1924.*

Transcription of words in the story; some are obvious and others a mystery.

agwater – equator
awers – hours
bald – bawled
bare – bar
blessered – blizzard
Bocklin – Brooklyn
bouth – bought
brauth – brought
camd – calmed
Carbien – Carribean
cept – kept
Chan ghay – Shanghai
chansh – chance
cid – kid
collee – coolie
corps –corpses
cost – coast
Ddedt – death
don – done
dryver – driver
Duch – Dutch
fiths – fights
focsell – forecastle
gas – guess
grene – grain
icth – each
inclasier – enclosure
incuige – encourage
isy – icy
kake – cake
licker – liquor
lockt – looked
made – maid
mats – mate's
Medetrainin – Mediteranean
muth, muts – much
Newaleines – New Orleans
nuse – news
pease – piece
poise – police
prentis – apprentice
price – prize
prywat – privat
Riodjeneryo – Rio de Janiero
sek – sake
shaoure – sure
shep rect – shipwrecked
sitty – city
Siveria – Siberia
Skatts – Scots
skerth – scared
slay – sleigh
soled – solid
stude – steady
styr – steer
supstancel – substantial
tee cettell – tea kettle
thack – take
Uerop – Europe
wathing – watching
werry – very
won – one

An Old Sailor's Yarn

An old sailor spins the following yarn in the World [probably, a newspaper]:

"I mind once comin' home from Liverpool in the ship *Atlas*, and we'd had a head wind for weeks, and bid fair to make a terrible long passage of it, when one day, just after noon, the moon changed, and the wind shifted from west-nor'-west to nor'-nor'-east. Well, we got all the starboard stunsails set, and soon had her a-goin' about nine knots, which were fast for her, for she was a full ship and didn't go over and above fast.

"Well, about six bells in the arternoon watch we had made a brig away to windward, with the British ensign flyin' half-mast and union down. The old man were very provoked, you may be sure, jist as we had got this wind to have to stop, but there weren't no help for it, and all hands was called and the stunsails took in and the royals and flyin' jib furled, and we braced up sharp on a wind, for to beat up to him.

"'Now,' says the old man to the mate, it's more than likely she's out of provisions, and we musn't lose a minute more than we can help of this fair wind. So git up some bread, and beef, and pork, and have some water in handy casks, ready to go in the boat. Git both of our boats cleared away, so as to supply her once, or, if they want to be took off, we can transfer them without delay.' Well, we washes out a couple of beef barrels clean, and fills them up with fresh water. We gits up a couple of barrels of beef, and a couple of pork, and about a half-dozen barrels of bread, and we clears away both quarter boats, and selects a crew for both of 'em. Then we clews up the to'gallan' sails and hove about on the port tack and let her lay with the main-topsail to the mast."

"The brig, all this while, had been runnin' down afore the wind, and soon came down across our stern, and the old man hailed: 'Brig ahoy! what can I do for you first?'"

"There were about a second's pause, and then came the reply, 'What is your longitude?'"

"You ought to have seen our old man's face jist then.'Drink less rum and buy a chronometer,' says he to the English chap, and then to us, 'Fill away the mainyard! down main tack! gather aft the slack of the sheet! put your helm up! so –steady—as you go, jist full and by; stations now for stays! Down helm! hard a lee! rise tacks and sheets! main to 'bowline! let go and haul!'

"Well, the minute we got her around, we piled the muslin on to her, and soon had her trottin' towards Sandy Hook agin, with stunsails alow and aloft, leavin' the Britisher to find out his longitude from some one better natured than our old man."

Eulogy of Charles S. Dow,

Astoria, Oregon

Delivered at Netel Grange Meeting
By AUGUST HILDEBRAND
Wednesday, March 16, 1932

A news item appeared in the *Astorian-Budget* Saturday, February 27, 1932, apprising of the death of Charles S. Dow, a pioneer and member of Netel Grange.

To me, there is much more in this picture than was stated. It was said in earlier days that he was a Canadian—perhaps because he had served under Canadian colors. However, the imaginary line of a so-called boundary is not the dividing line of Americans. I call that person an American who lives up to the ideals of good citizenship. I call that man an American who willingly observes the laws of the land and courageously upholds and defends them.

I call that man or woman an American who thinks more of welding with civilizing conduct and practices the different nations into—let us call it a Christian. Brotherhood—than emphasizing the individual national spirit.

In all this
CHARLES S. DOW
Was a true American.

The first glimpse I had of this man was of a friendly, assuring nature. It was during the frontier days of Astoria, in the early 1880's. I then heard of and met a person who lived in the wilderness of Clatsop County, trying to make a living off its soil, who dared the Sailor Boarding House RING of Astoria. He was not alone in his endeavors. A. H. Sale and his sons, all staunch citizens also deserve credit for the stand taken, and a few others.

Few people living today know what is meant by this statement.

To the old timers, it recalls a picture of lawlessness, browbeating by the rougher element against the decent citizenry of the country.

The Nation had just about succeeded in throwing off the thought of human slavery so successfully eradicated through the sacrifice of so many lives during the struggle between the North and the South.

However, the horrors of the slave trade and slave drivers were reenacted on a different stage—under different economic conditions.

The old style wind-propelled ships needed more man power to handle the sails and anchor than the later steamships and motor boats. Coupled with the fact that America afforded an alluring place where the European

sailor was wont to stay was the cause that ships returning to Europe or the Orient were continually in need of sailors. To supply these men was the aim of the Sailor Boarding House—a sort of a sailor hotel.

Many of these hotels were honorably conducted—however, many not so, and a few had a very notorious reputation. A man who stopped in one of these was soon a victim or slave to the will and wiles of the sailor boarding house master and his runners, who would exact what was termed blood money (a sort of bonus or commission) for furnishing sailors. This blood money was paid by the captain, or owner, of a ship.

Liquor, with its stupefying and degrading effect, played a great part in this transaction; first, in supplying it to the sailors by the runners to entice them to leave the ship and wages behind with promise of golden opportunity on American shores—and second, by stupefying them again into signing agreements to reship on other vessels. The consummation of this transaction brought to the sailor boarding house keeper his profits by charging the sailor incurred hotel and liquor expenses – and the before mentioned blood money.

The transaction in itself is of no particular harm if done with the open knowledge and consent of all concerned, and many a sailor was shipped this way. However, abuses of the system crept in that made conditions worse than the slave trade of old, in so far that helpless sailors, ignorant of the language, etc.—and, in some instances, intoxicated or ill sailors for that much money. To be shipped against his will was termed shanghaiing. The red light and rough neck district, the saloon—and even the then police and sheriffs' administrations—aided, or abetted this system, that bred brawls, fights, and other degrading practices and crimes.

Very few men dared to obstruct and oppose a system that seemed ingrained in the Western frontier life, fearing the wrath of the rougher element that controlled politics, political officers and even the economic life.

As in earlier days, runaway slaves found places of refuge with some friendly Northerners, so some sailors would try to find places of seclusion at some farmer's house in Astoria's surroundings.

Many farmers could or would not protect the sailors for fear of bodily harm and wrath of the ring.

All brave men are not of the battlefield. There was one man, besides the before mentioned Mr. Sale and sons, who knew neither fear nor friendship of and for the sailor boarding house gang, and his name was CHARLES S. DOW

And the ring knew this. The harassing and harrowing experiences you may imagine – with no law enforcing officer to aid.

CHARLES S. DOW knew that no country need tolerate a system that retards its civilization and he did not tolerate.

The degrading influence of the liquor saloon was also combatted by him. He was very active in promotion temperance societies.

The need of farmer co-operation was sensed by him to combat the evil city-bred, gutter politics.

The solidness of Netel Grange was of his co-labors, by the fine example he set in its administration and his friendly, wise counsel that permeated all his activities.

He was a true friend of his fellow farmers, in fact, of all decent humanity.

The glitterings of supposed civilization, the hustle and bustle of the world did not condern him; he was satisfied with the humbler, simpler sides of life – and, why not? Is it not peace of mind that leads to contentment, to ripe old age?

He had no conern fo things after life—nor did he chase the golden treasure at the end of a rainbow in this life.

He was a teacher by profession. However, his first aim was the moulding of character into the minds of his pupils rather than emphasizing the three E's. He was the first teacher of my wife, teaching in the shingle-covered school house on the banks of the Walluski, so I know whereof I speak.

It was conceded even in the earlier days that

CHARLES S. DOW

Would not be bribed nor browbeaten. He was steadfast in his convictions.

Oh! That the nation would only contain many men of his calling, and such infamous chapters in American life, as the Lindbergh kidnaping affair – and its even more degrading phase, kow-towing to the lawless element trying to solve it—would not be.

In the conglomeration of individual ideas, the elevating, clean thought, men and women are the ones who carry the banner of success and progress.

His simple, straightforward conduct was as a road marker that showed the straight and narrow path through a labyrinth of conflicting civilizing ideas.

He seemed to me like a beacon or light-house that shows the right direction past dangerous shoals and cliffs to true citizenship.

As Dr. L. P. Jacks, the Oxford philosopher says,

"There are three main saving forces of civilization:

COURAGE OF THE BRAVE

COMPETENCE OF THE WISE

And

FAITHFULNESS OF THE TRUSTEE."

And he possessed all of these. To me a great MAN has passed. However, his soul and deeds continue to live in our minds.

These lines and thought

I dedicate to my old friend;

I cherish his memory

AUGUST HILDEBRAND.

Song of The Sea

Hurrah for the sea—where the chowders be,
And the sculpin winds his horn!
Where the star-fish shine through the spumy brine,
And the mammoth oysters yawn!

For the Barnacle blows and the congor crows
As we chase the pickled prawn.
Then roll out the captain's gig, my lads!
Let the bobstays harnessed be!
With the breeze abaft and fore-and-aft

We'll drive o'er the wind-whipped sea.
Hear the bo's'on shout—"Let the port-hatch out!
Hawl the affidavies taut!
Like snowy clouds spread the white, white shrouds
Where the dead-light's gleam is caught!
Belay the keel till the compass heel
And the water-line runs short!"

The main-sheet fills with the mad monsoon.
We have furled the fore-crosstree,
And so tightly laced the vessel's waist,
As we skim o'er the creamy sea.

The sea-gulls shriek from the for'ard peak
As the shrimp go prancing by.
And, the mermaids coy, kiss the whistling buoy,
While the urchin pipes his eye;
The dog-fish bark at the tipsy shark,
And the halibut join the cry.

Then, cheer, mates, cheer, as the good ship speeds,
Till we make the hawser gee!
For the wind in the sail blows a martingale,
And we plough the furrowed sea.

Ho, binnacle, fly from the capstan high!
Make the mizzen-scuppers fast!
By the lanyard's light, through the nasty night,
We will scud before the mast;
For the breeze is a-lee, and the rover is free,
And the schooner of beer has passed.

Hurrah for the ship! Hurrah for the crew!
Merry, merry boys are we—
And our course is pressed for the Nor'sou'west
As we rise on the yeasty sea.

CCHS Image #33839.349

Three masted sailing ship *Nordsee* built at Stettin (Szczecin, Poland today), 1893; 1,768 tons.